Ile haunt thee like a wicked conscience still.
That mouldeth goblins swift as frienzes thoughts.
Strike a free march, to Troy with comfort goe
Hope of reuenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But here you, here you.
Troy. Hence broker, lacky, ignomyny, shame,
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

Exeunt all but Pandarus.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aking bones, O world, world --- thus is the poore agent despis'd, Oh traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a worke, and how ill requited, why should our endeuour bee so lou'd and the performance so loathed, what verse for it? What instance for it? Let me see,

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his hony and his sting.
And being once subdude in armed taile,
Sweet hony, and sweet notes together faile.

Good traiders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes,
As many as be here of *Pandars* hall,
Your eyes halfe out weepe out at P*andars* fall.
Or if you cannot weepe yet giue some grones,
Though not for me yet for my aking bones:
Brethren and sisters of the hold-ore trade,
Some two monthes hence my will shall here be made,
It should be now but that my feare is this,
Some gauled goose of Winchester would hisse.
Till then ile sweat and seeke about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

FINIS.